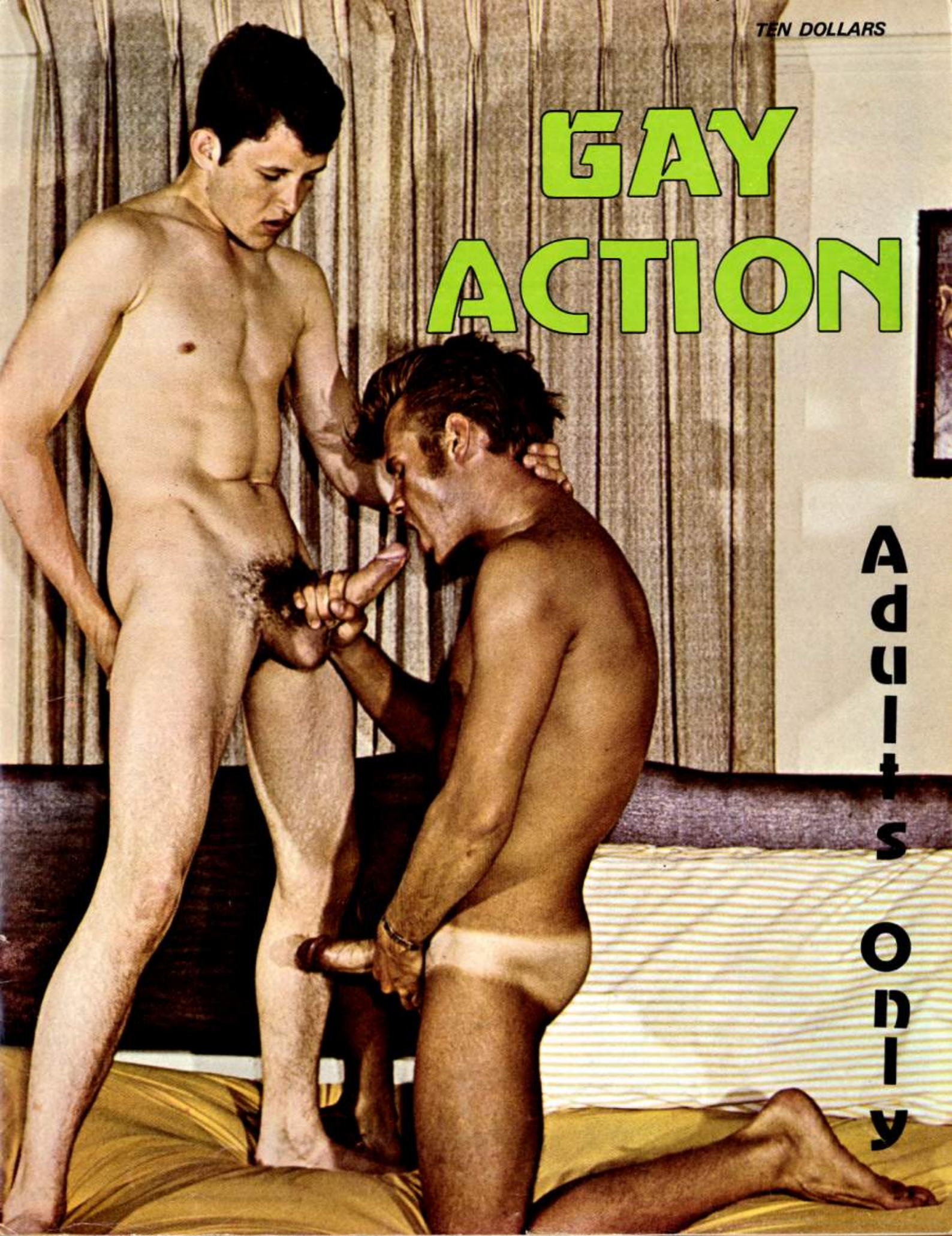
TEN DOLLARS
GAY ACTION
Adults only

with Duke Richards

Duke Richards had been apartment manager for several weeks at 69 Sunset Strip on the morning when the young French-Canadian came to his door looking for an apartment, and body language had made up for the deficiencies in Jean Cardin's mastery of spoken English. Duke, an Appalachian redneck who enjoyed bouncing in the hay with just about anybody, was fired up at his first sight of Jean, and they'd had one or two wild sessions a week ever since.

Duke didn't know how to explain how he reacted to the Canadian without it sounding wrong. Jean wasn't plump, but the way the guy's hot flesh filled out his smooth, warm skin so full it was like there weren't no loose spots, no wrinkles or lumps on him nowhere. Like he was so hot and luscious he was just about ready to pop right out of his skin.

And that jelly roll! Now Duke was pretty damned proud of his own prick. It was a good eight inches and always hard when he wanted it to be, but Jean had him beat a mile, the biggest, most good-to-look-at, and good-to-taste danged piece of man-meat that Duke had ever laid his eyes on, or his tongue.

Even Jean's ass was something beautiful, as smooth

(Continued on page 8)

Richards

and nice rounded as any chick's ass, and a danged sight firmer and warmer, the kind of ass you can sink your pecker into and really know you'd got it inside of somebody!

Though Duke didn't really stick it inside of Jean nearly as often as Jean stuck it in Duke. Most of the time, Duke had a pretty definite preference: he liked to fuck and he didn't much care about being fucked. Which ain't to say that there hadn't been times when he'd enjoyed having some bruiser tear up his asshole—but some way, hugging Jean Cardin just changed around all Duke's feelings about what he liked to do and what he liked to have done to him.

Most times, Duke didn't think much about such things, but with Jean he could feel it, and real danged clear, and it puzzled him. Duke was husky and all-male, and when he got hold of most guys, he wanted to take them like you would a broad, and usually did. He'd ride them like he was a real bronc-buster. But when he threw his arms around this Frenchy, all that got shook up, somewhere between Duke's mind and the part of his gut that triggered his cock.

Jean's skin at first touch seemed soft as a woman's, and right away it brought out the man-beast in Duke.

Jean's muscles were incredibly smooth, but under that satiny skin was an almost boneless-seeming body that had the tawny strength of a leopard without being so scrawny, and the electricity that flowed from Jean put an end quick to any feeling that the French kid could be played for a broad.

It went the same every time: Duke would grab Jean in a rolling bear hug, horsing around, and feel all his male aggressiveness raise up, and feel it suddenly flip over, as he felt a superior kind of maleness rise up in Jean, and then every time Duke just surrendered, happily playing something like the female, but somehow keeping his manliness—only letting Jean be the master.

And it wasn't like Jean put him in that role. Jean didn't come on like some big swaggering butch, the way Duke himself usually did, and the way Duke always started out even with Jean. Jean's manner looked more playful, even coy and teasing like a girl, even seductive, and with all that, almost as soon as they got started horsing around on the bed, Duke had to surrender to the feeling that Jean was more of a man than he was. But all through their sex romping, Duke was snatching for every instant when he could

take the top role and be the man again, always knowing that he would surrender again, that he would let Jean climb on top, and that he would feel that things belonged that way—at least between the two of them . . . and whoever Duke fucked next was sure to get a real working over!

They both liked to jack off. A guy learns to control the feelings of his own prick almost better than anyone else can ever do it for him. And when you've hustled around a lot, like both Duke and Jean had, learning how to satisfy all different sorts of guys, you often end up satisfying yourself alone afterward. Even though having his peter sunk in Jean's furnace of a mouth, or swallowing for himself that amazing shaft of Jean's, was something really great, they still really liked to lay tangled together and each one beat his own meat. They both were expert meat-beaters. They'd had to learn how to take hold of a guy's prick, including some damned limp ones, and make that guy feel like he's bouncing right off the portals of heaven, and they both knew how to make their fist do half of the work when there was too much meat to keep it shoved down your throat. And shit! with either Duke or Jean, when it sunk all the way, that was right down past the collar bone, and a guy couldn't even breathe, so most of the time, they were sucking hell out of the cock-head and working the shaft for dear life with their fist.

With Jean's cock at least, Duke played it gentle, handling it like something fragile and real precious, soothing it, just barely touching it, while Jean squeezed hell out of Duke's prick, trying to squeeze the blood right out of it, just about popping the blood vessels, and jerking like he was trying to tear it

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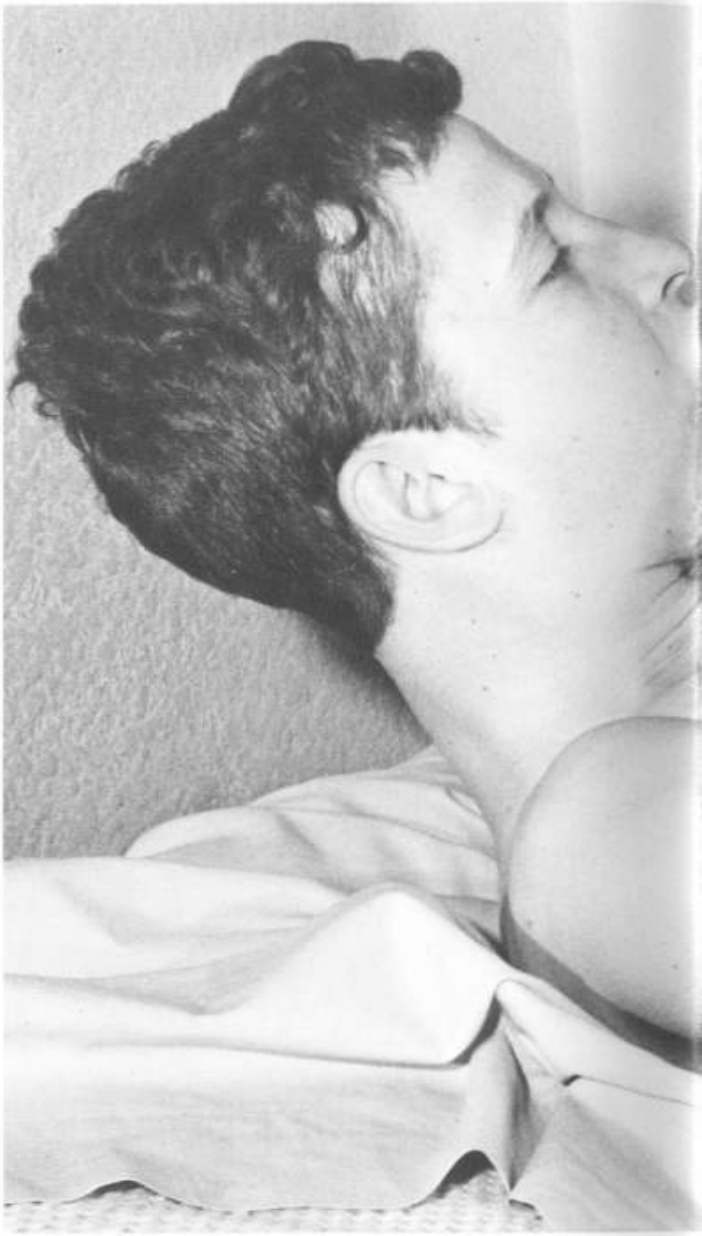
right out by the roots, and Duke feeling like he'd enjoy it if he did. (Crazy, Duke had never felt like having his prick pulled off by anybody else!)

But there'd never been anybody else Duke had had sex with that made his ass itch the way Jean did. That big prick and them smooth hairless balls just looked and felt to Duke like something that belonged up inside him, and even if they might play around for an hour or two doing other things, Duke's tail end was just waiting to be busted into by that super-prong. One thing, Duke at least had to be on top at first. He didn't want anything that big coming into him without him having it under control.

He'd crouch over Jean—with Jean laying on his back and that prick pointed straight up—and ease his ass down on top of it. That way he could take it even without grease sometimes, and he'd work his own prick in his hand while he sat himself down on Jean's, and started to wiggle and bounce and pinch his ass muscles. And most of the time, they'd build up right



together, so's when Jean shot his juice up inside Duke's bowels, further up in there than anybody else had ever got, Duke would shoot thick, hot cum from Jean's chest right up onto his chin, sometimes even getting it right up to his mouth or nose. And then he'd pinch his butt 'til Jean begged him to lay off.

Duke didn't rate himself too high. He knew he was a country hick. Oh, he was husky, and well hung, and knew how to take care of Number One, but he looked at Jean Cardin and felt let down sort of. Like here was a real superior type, smart, terrifically good-looking, with a real turn-on personality and a real way of seeing right through people, and maybe even the hottest piece of sex in Hollywood, and yet it didn't seem to Duke to add up. In bed, yes, Jean really added up there. But in his life, it didn't seem to Duke that Jean was getting anywhere, putting anything together.

A terrific lay, Jean just seemed to be drifting like. . . .

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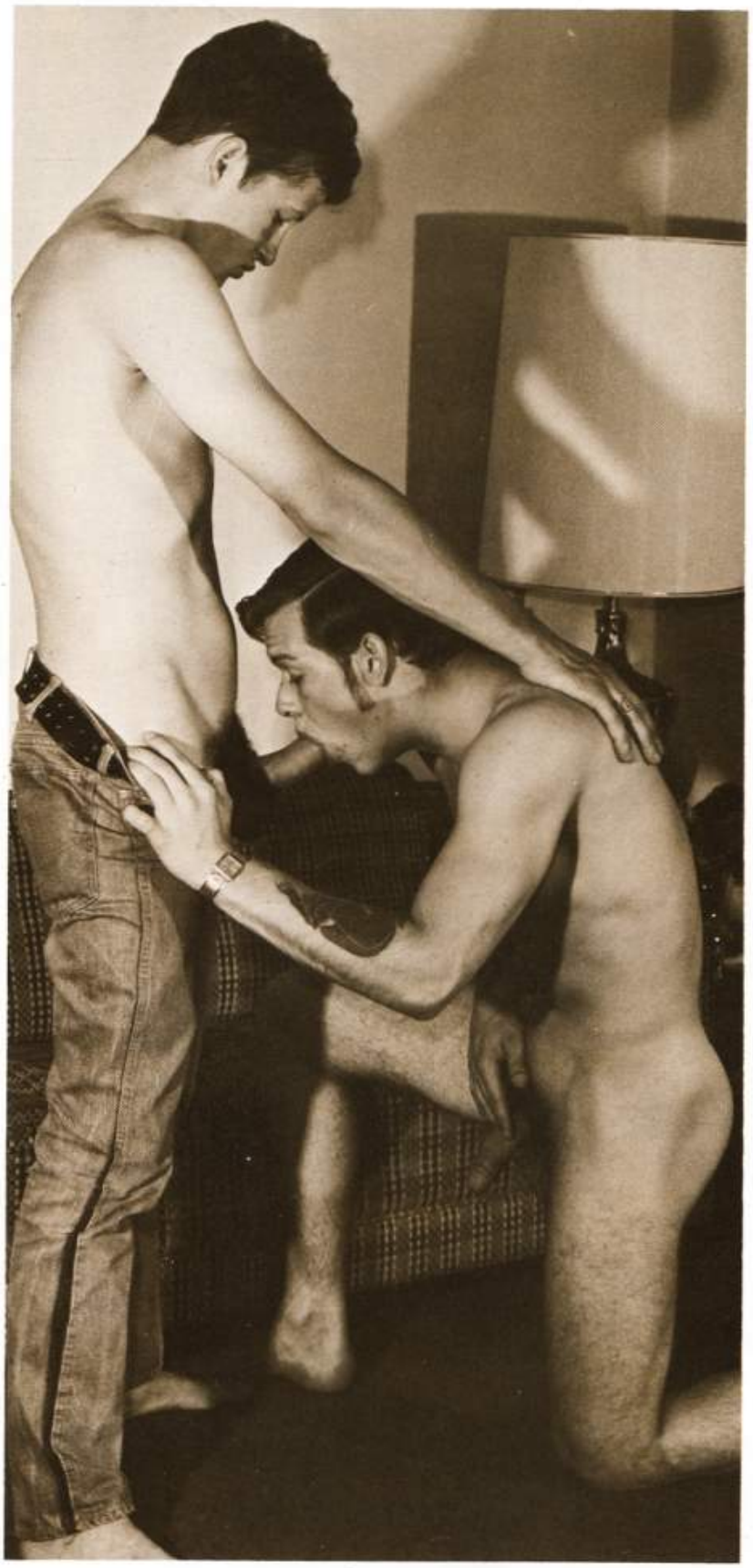
A terrific lay, Jean just seemed to be drifting like. . . .

with Rex Roberts



Just as there are guys who seem to be made to be bookkeepers, bricklayers or philosophers—and you can tell by looking at them, that guy's all brawn, or brain, or balance sheets—Jean Cardin was made for sex. I mean his whole body, from the hair on his head right down to his fingers or his toes is like one big, beautiful sex organ—and I don't mean that as an insult, like when you call a guy a prick.

He has the fullness, the erect roundedness of a penis, the sort of guy who, when you see him a mile off, if you're a cocksucker, your mouth starts to water.

I was managing one of the first theatres in town to show Gay films regularly (the action kind—not the beat-around-the-bush kind) when Jean just happened to move into the apartment building where I live one week, and apply for a job at the theatre the next. Well, naturally, I hired him—but I also made an appointment to check out his qualifications, and goddam! what a hot piece of merchandise he is!

He has that sort of look Paul Newman has—looks very much like him at times—a lollipop of a guy, and he seems to offer himself in just that way. Anyhow, I wasn't in his apartment more than a minute before his pants were halfway down (his shirt had been off when he answered the door) and I was sucking on that piece of super-meat, and not aware yet just how big it would get.

He just stood there, calm and cool like, while I worked on him, but something about him was vibrating, flowing into me long before his juice flowed.

He just stood there and fed that monster-cock into me, him holding the back of my neck, and it was like I was hypnotized by it, carried away with passion, but also feeling that he was going to poke that heavy, smooth, ripe thing right out through the back of my neck, and it was plenty long enough, if it didn't bend downward. And that was one thing that made it hard to take all the way—it having a natural upward bent, and not being an easy thing to bend, so that when you got it in your mouth, its tendency was to hit the roof of your mouth, not to slide down the throat, except when it was half soft, which wasn't often or long.

I really expected that Jean would be one of those kids who enjoy being sucked, but who don't care for returning the favor, or don't do it with any especial zest or skill. He wasn't that way. He would stand somewhat passively while his own meat was being

(Continued on page 18)

sucked, but somehow you had the feeling that you were sucking all of him, and not just his stem, but when he switched over, he sucked with the same zest that he'd gotten sucked, did it like he really enjoyed it, like he was made to do it, teasing my cockhead first with his wet tongue, then taking it in his full, ripe lips, taking it all the way, taking it with a real appetite.

I sometimes get turned off by guys who have sex in a way that concentrates fully on the cock and forgets all the other parts of the body that have the ability to turn on sexually. Well, Jean Cardin has a tendency to

do it that way, to make love almost exclusively to the cock, but he does that with such concentration and such joy that it comes out OK. He puts his own whole personality so much in his cock that he can do the same for anyone else, make them feel like one big, walking male stem.

His whole body is sensitive—ticklish even, and you can turn him on in a completely different way by running your hands or your tongue or your stubbly chin if you haven't had a shave that day, all over him. But it definitely is a matter of turning him on in a different way. It's just a completely different game from

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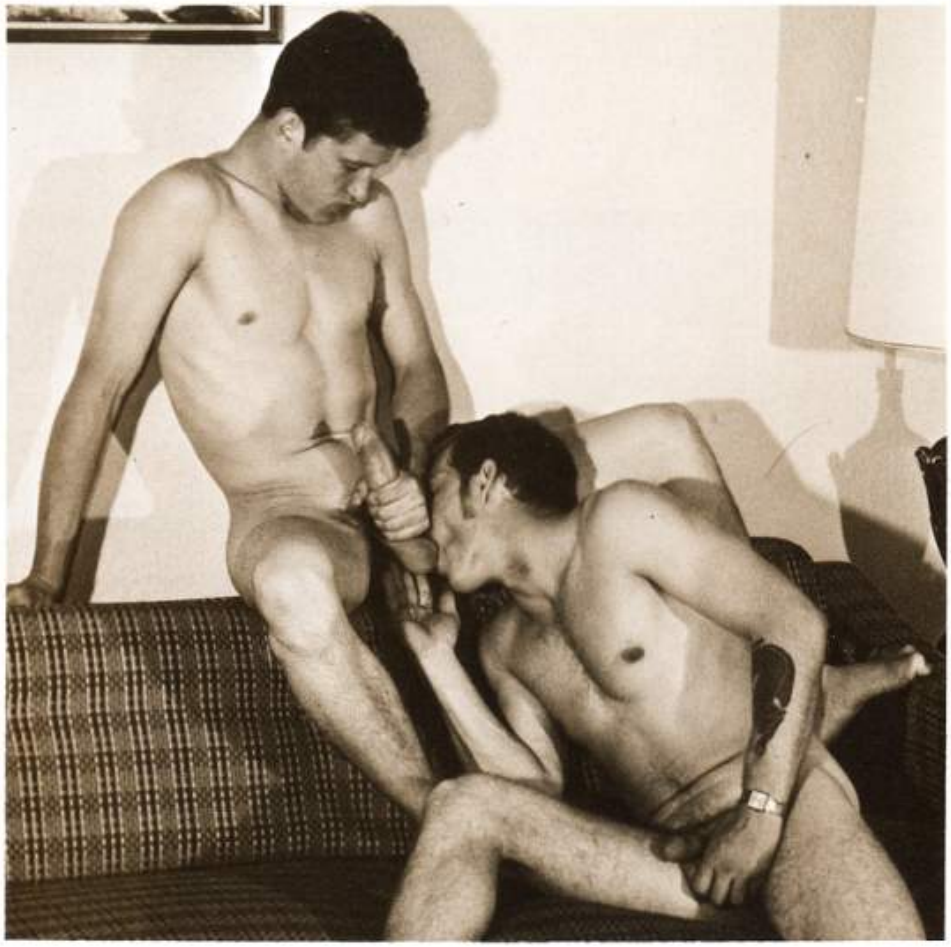

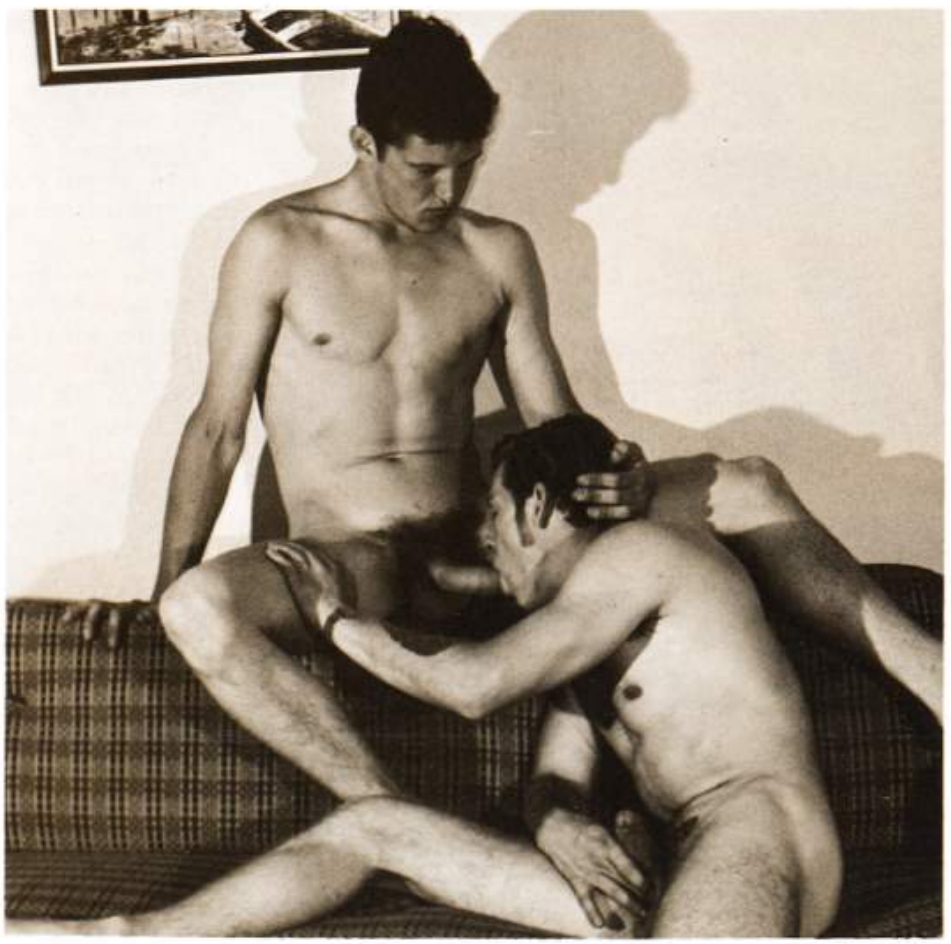

the game of making old faithful spew. I guess Jean is basically programmed to jacking himself off, and someone else can do the job, as long as they concentrate on the cock, or the balls. The rest of his body, that's fun too, but it isn't, with him at least, part of the same game.

He says he doesn't take Vitamin B, but he sure must get it from somewhere, because I think he could come five or six times in a two-hour romp, and get back out on the street still horny. After I come, I shrink up for a while, and my peter isn't likely to be responsive for at least a half hour afterward, and even then, it takes some unusual stimulation (like Jean Cardin) to stir it up again. But if his cock gets tired after coming, it isn't usually soft for more than a minute or so, unless he takes it out of action.

And I never much get the impression that it's me that turns him on. His trigger is his big cock. Work on the cock and it turns on and does its thing. And you can work on it almost any way—teasing it with the tongue and the breath, working it by hand (he rarely lets go of the base of it himself, as if he's only offering the end of it to his partner and keeping the best part for himself) or trying to take the whole danged thing in your mouth. I've only taken it all once, and then it was half soft and not its full length, and even then, I was scared shitless it would harden up on me suddenly and strangle me. It isn't only its length—that thing has volume, and it can get rock hard like most guys with super-sized cocks can't.

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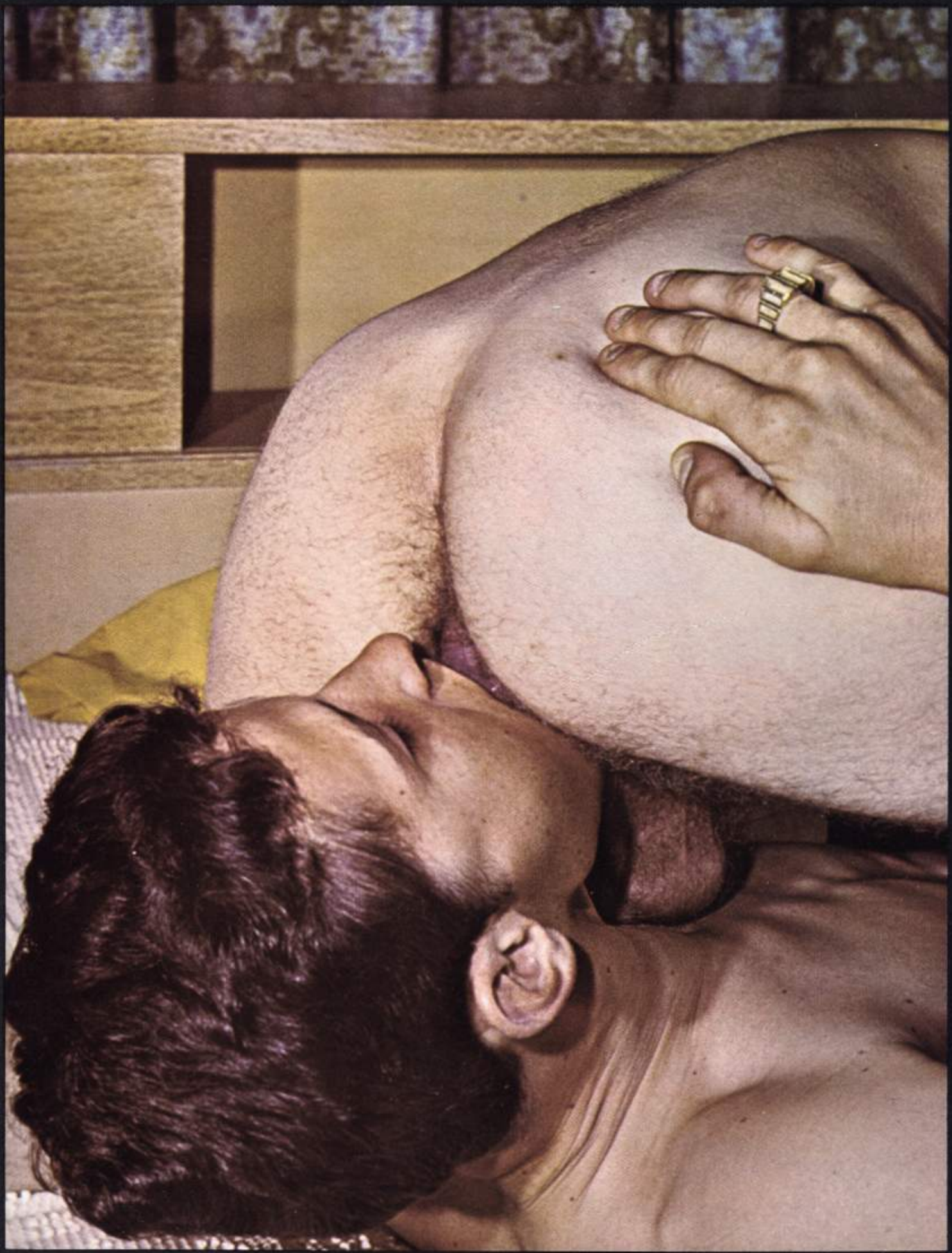
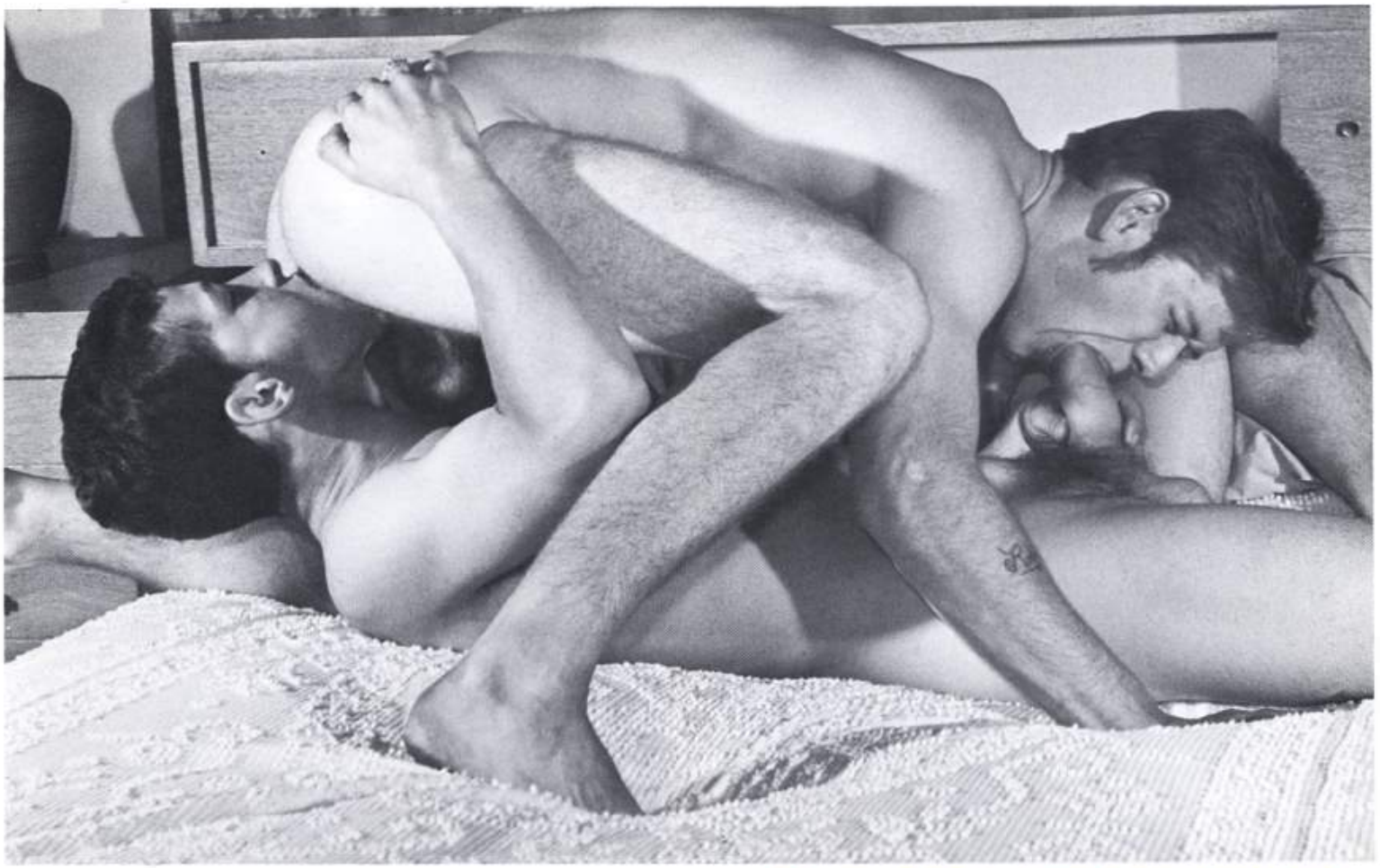
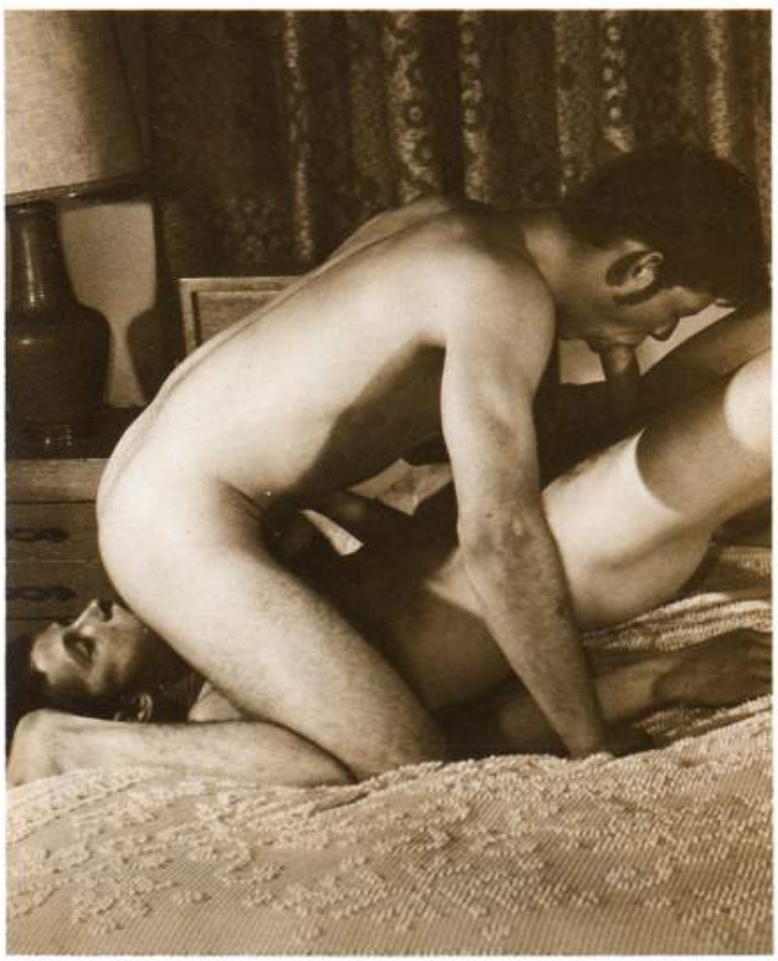


Robert





Sometimes he's like a little kid, like when he kneels over you and drops that meat into your mouth, he starts laughing like it was some real funny joke, like I think he must have been teased when he was very small about having a little tiny weenie, and now when he sees all that beautiful meat hanging down there, right in somebody else's mouth, it sort of breaks him up, and makes him feel he's won out.

But sometimes I feel kind of sad about him. There doesn't seem to be anything else he wants out of life than having someone play with his meat and drink his juice, and returning the favor for them (I'm pretty sure that's the way he looks at it). And I don't think that's going to last. Jean and me are both the type that are going to have to start watching our weight soon, and he doesn't seem to have the discipline for it. Both of us are likely to start getting just plain fat and not long off—although I have the idea that even fat, Jean is going to be one real sexy butterball.

I keep wondering what he'll be like when he has to go out and hunt other guys to satisfy himself. But I'm not sure he'll have to. His damned cock is so self-sufficient, I think his hand would be all the partner he needs. But I'm not sure.

That pouty, Paul Newman face of his sometimes almost makes me want to cry—and I don't know why. The funny thing is that the times I am most turned on by his face, which sometimes can be unbelievably beautiful, are usually the times when about two minutes later he'll have his tongue prying right up into

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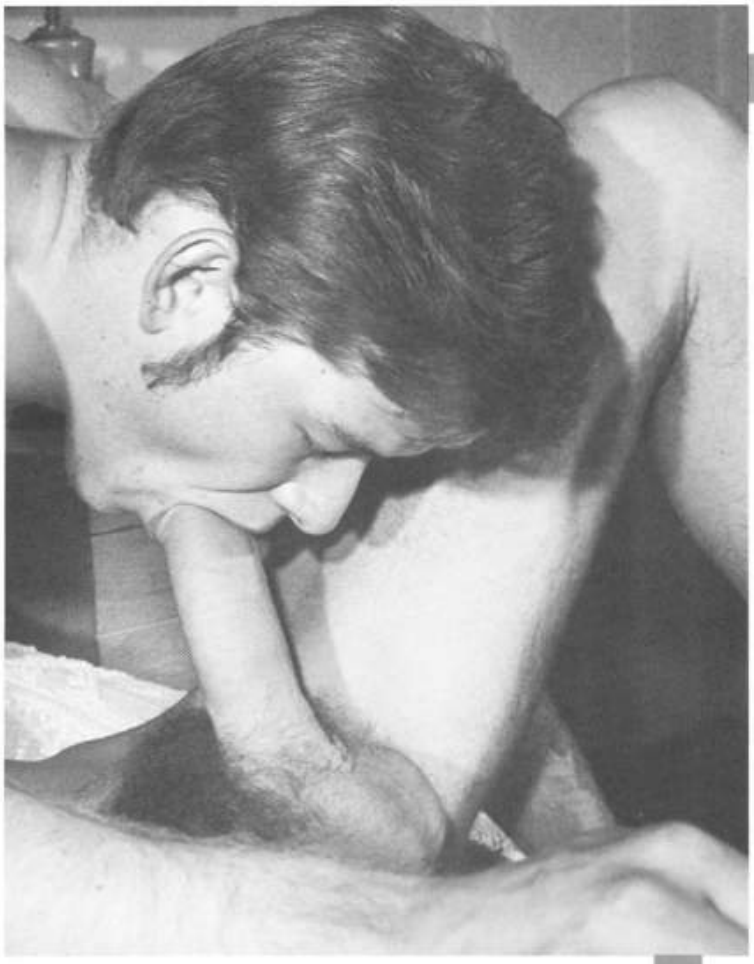
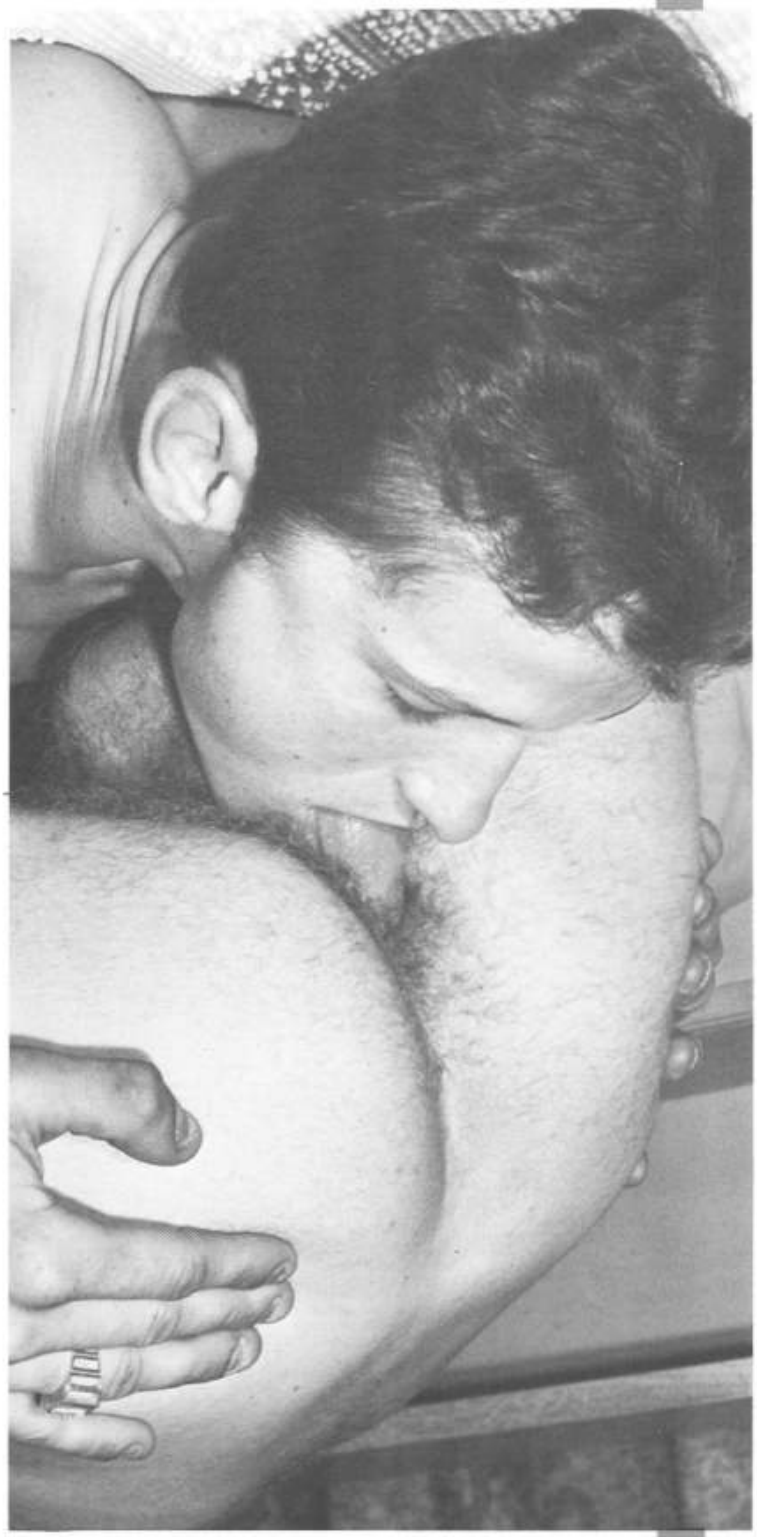


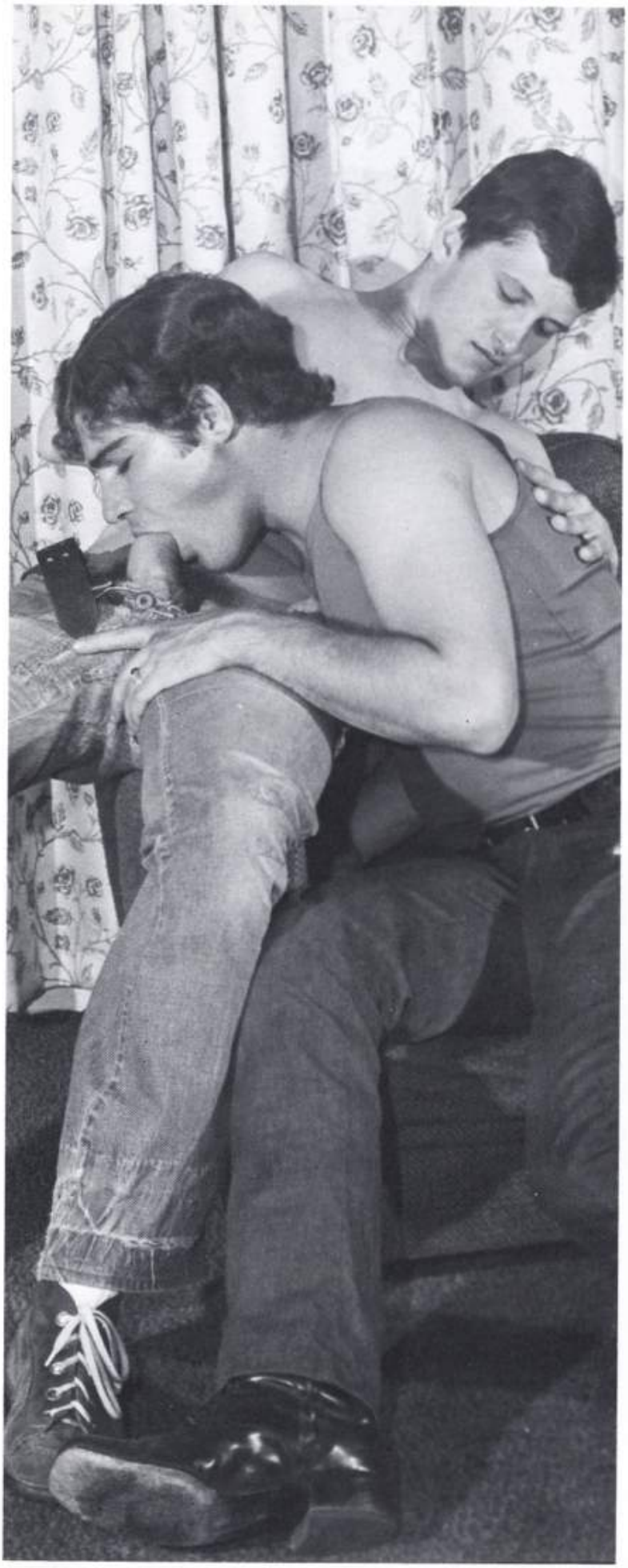


my rectum.

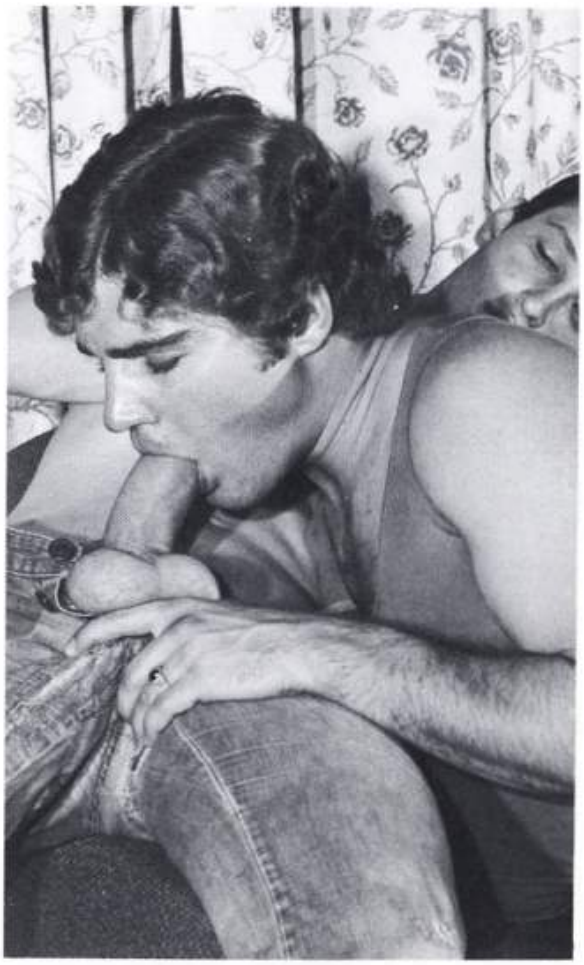
He can ream like a demon, and he enjoys doing it when we're in 69 position, leaving my prick go just when I'm about to come, and ordinarily I wouldn't want a guy to stop sucking on me right at that time, but with Jean, it's like he stepped up the action by moving from my prick to my hole, and setting up a

combination of sucking, tongue prodding, licking, and blowing like he was trying to blow up a balloon, until I'm just ready to pop.

He's not at all shy about going right on in there with his tongue, and he can get that up further in than most guys can go with their cocks, and get more action, too—and that's when I shoot my wad, wet and wild!



with Andy Markos



Andy Markos and Jean Cardin were a lot alike. Both chunky, well-filled hunks, made for sex, each much better looking than he imagined himself to be, and each having an almost instinctual ability to pick up on how a sex partner wanted him to respond (which was a very different thing from how a guy might *think* they wanted him to respond).

The fact that neither of them was quite at home in the English language also drew them together.

Andy liked sex, and he never wasted time investigating new tenants in the big, Gay apartment house. He had enough money coming in from his family that he didn't have to work, so he spent most of his time going from apartment to apartment, usually without knocking, and rarely wasting much time on preliminaries once he got inside.

The first time he came into Jean's apartment, and every time after, it took him about one minute to get Jean's amazingly ripe cock in his mouth—and Andy was one of the few people who could really do justice to sucking Jean Cardin's cock. He turned Jean on in a way that few others did, getting Jean so charged up with the wild sucking on his meat that Jean dropped his usual cool and started running his hands wildly all over Andy's body, Jean feeling all sorts of electricity and other crazy currents charging all through his beautiful body, lighting up his fingertips and even his shoulders, setting his nipples and his lips on fire, making his chest heave and his stomach jerk with passion, making his head swim with the feeling that he and Andy were floating out somewhere on the sea, floating on a big raft shaped like an inflated cock and balls, with storm clouds over them, but a feeling that the storm was a glorious thing that was after all just an expression of their own passion, and that the giant water-spouts of the sea were an attempt to rival their own coming. . . .

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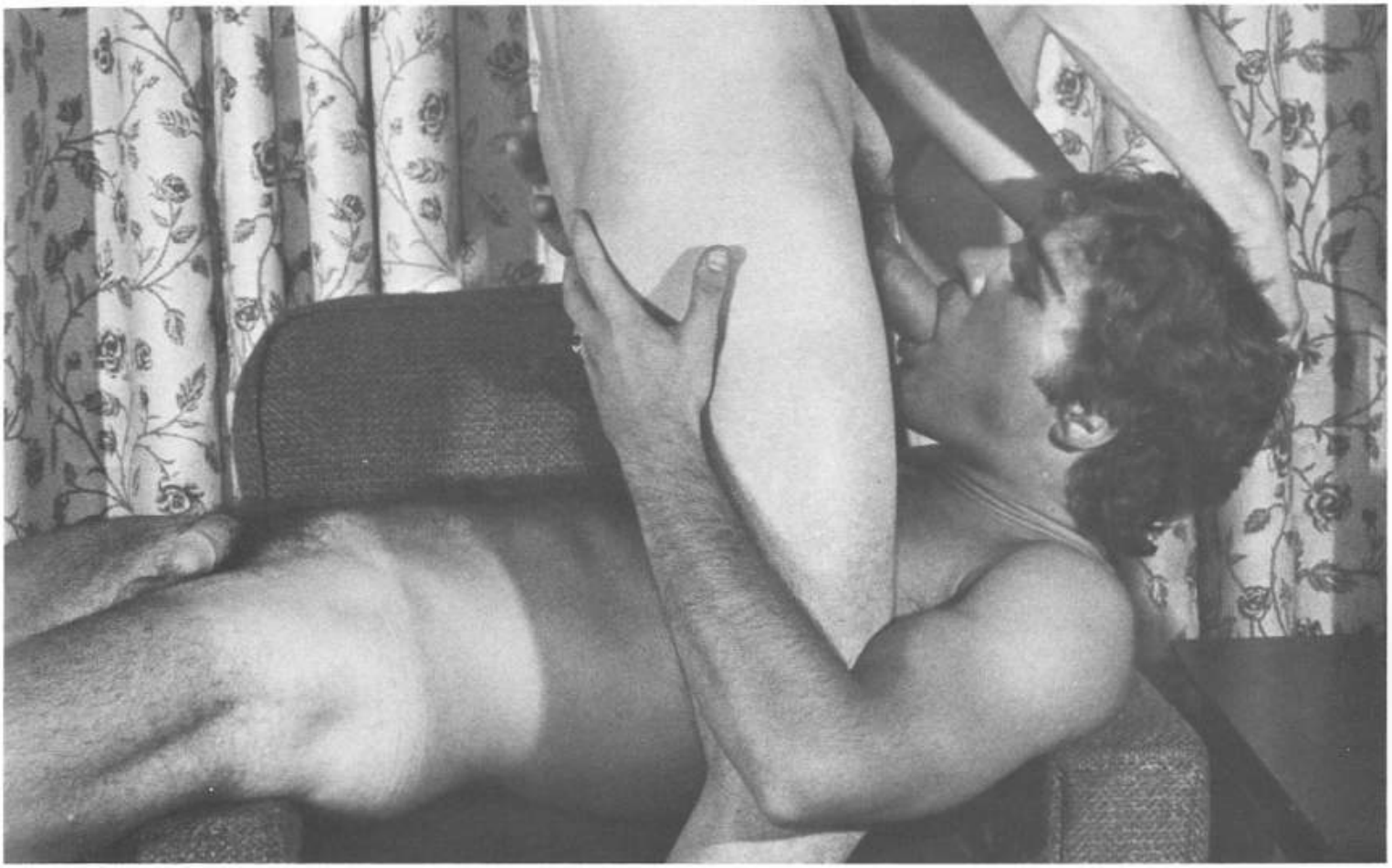

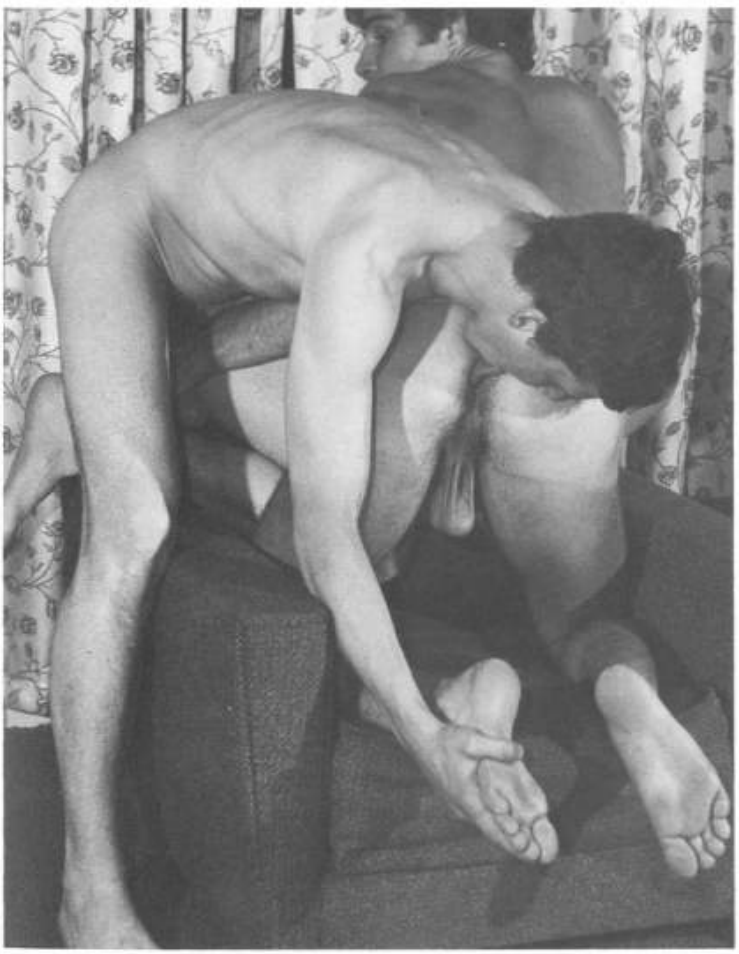

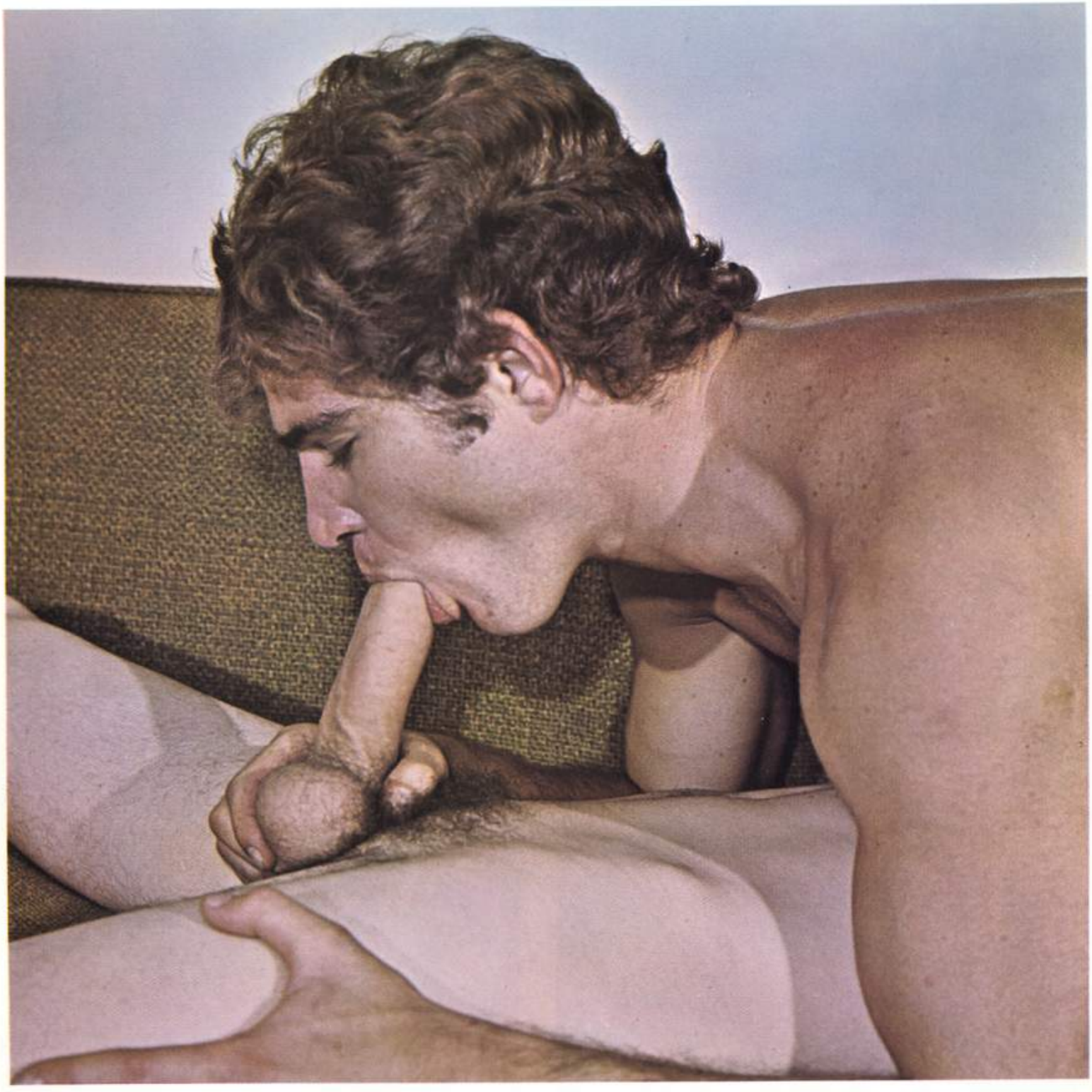

And at the same time, Andy was remembering the first time he'd been pedicated, by a handsome uncle when he was eight years old, and Andy wiggled his tail in anticipation of taking Jean's marvelous cock, and Jean shook loose from the feeling he often had while having sex with guys, that he was just a big cock-stand, offering his meat but sort of out of the action himself, and Jean turned on completely, responded like to like, as he and Andy rolled around on the easy chair, for hours maybe, Andy sucking Jean and Jean sucking Andy, both of them holding off coming, not consciously, but in an almost instinctive desire to keep building it up, slowly undressing one another, fondling, hugging, sucking, kissing, wrestling, building up toward that final explosion, up higher, right to the edge, then up higher again, changing position, never letting down the load of steam, never slowing down the action, but never seeming in any hurry either.

Not much talk:

"You're great, mon ami!"

"What're you talking about? You're the one that's great."

"Yeah, I know I got a big cock, and I like it, but you make me feel like the rest of me's in on the act too."

And suddenly they embraced, tight as they could hold one another, and, trembling with passion and joy and laughing, they rolled off onto the floor, and got in a wild tickling match, both of them nearly shooting their wads.

Then back up onto the couch for a hot and wild 69, both sucking as if trying to turn the other's cock inside out, both sucking as if trying to drink the other one's soul, both thinking of biting the cockhead off and filling himself with the other's blood, not thinking of it like cannibalism, or S-M, but like trying to exchange bloodstreams, to make themselves blood brothers. Each had heard somewhere about primitive ceremonies in which men cut themselves and press the open wounds together so that their blood will flow together. . . .

Jean's prick was tingling, beginning to go half numb with the long-held-off coming when Andy shifted his sucking from cock to balls, nibbling on the smooth, fat sac, drawing one testicle at a time hard through his teeth, feeling Jean jump in shock, but knowing that it was all right, on the edge of pain but not really hurting, and again, Andy was overcome by a cannibalistic dream or desire, wanting to bite into the sac, to taste the fatty skin-sac and the blood coursing through it, to expose one of Jean's wonderful eggs, to roll it around on his tongue, to lick the blood and fluid off it, to crush it between his jaws and to feel it slide down his throat, then to bite off the string by which it was attached.

He could feel Jean trembling in his arms, and was certain that Jean knew what he was thinking—but he was careful, even while he was carried away right down into his gut by the fantasy, to mouth Jean's delicate nuts gently, to make Jean jerk forcefully, but not really to hurt them.

Jean almost felt himself coming apart. Having his balls pop in and out of Andy's mouth, between the locked teeth, was excruciating pleasure-pain, but Jean knew how to turn the tables.

He dug his nose up into Andy's butt, working it around into the hole, and then moved in with his

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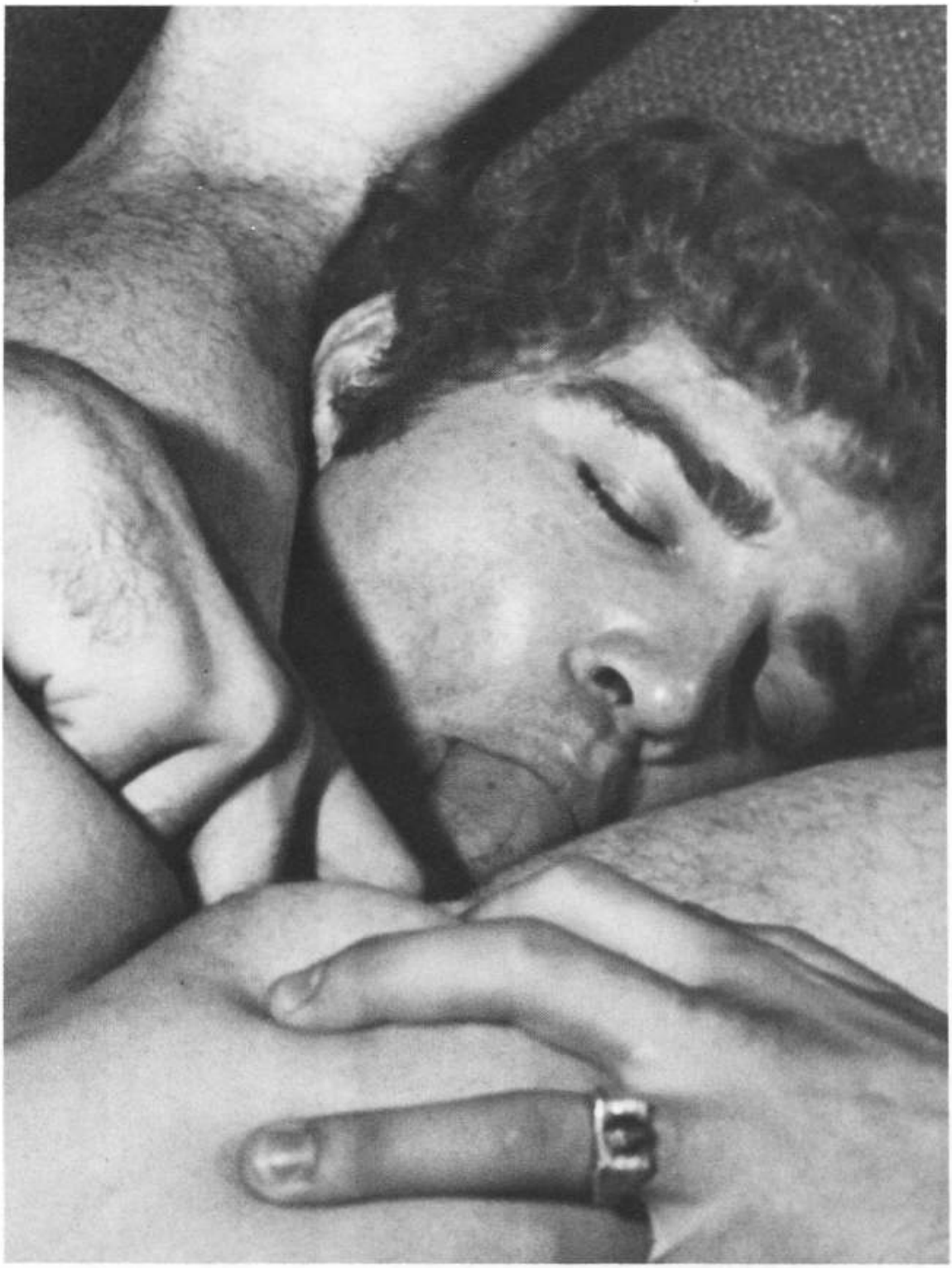

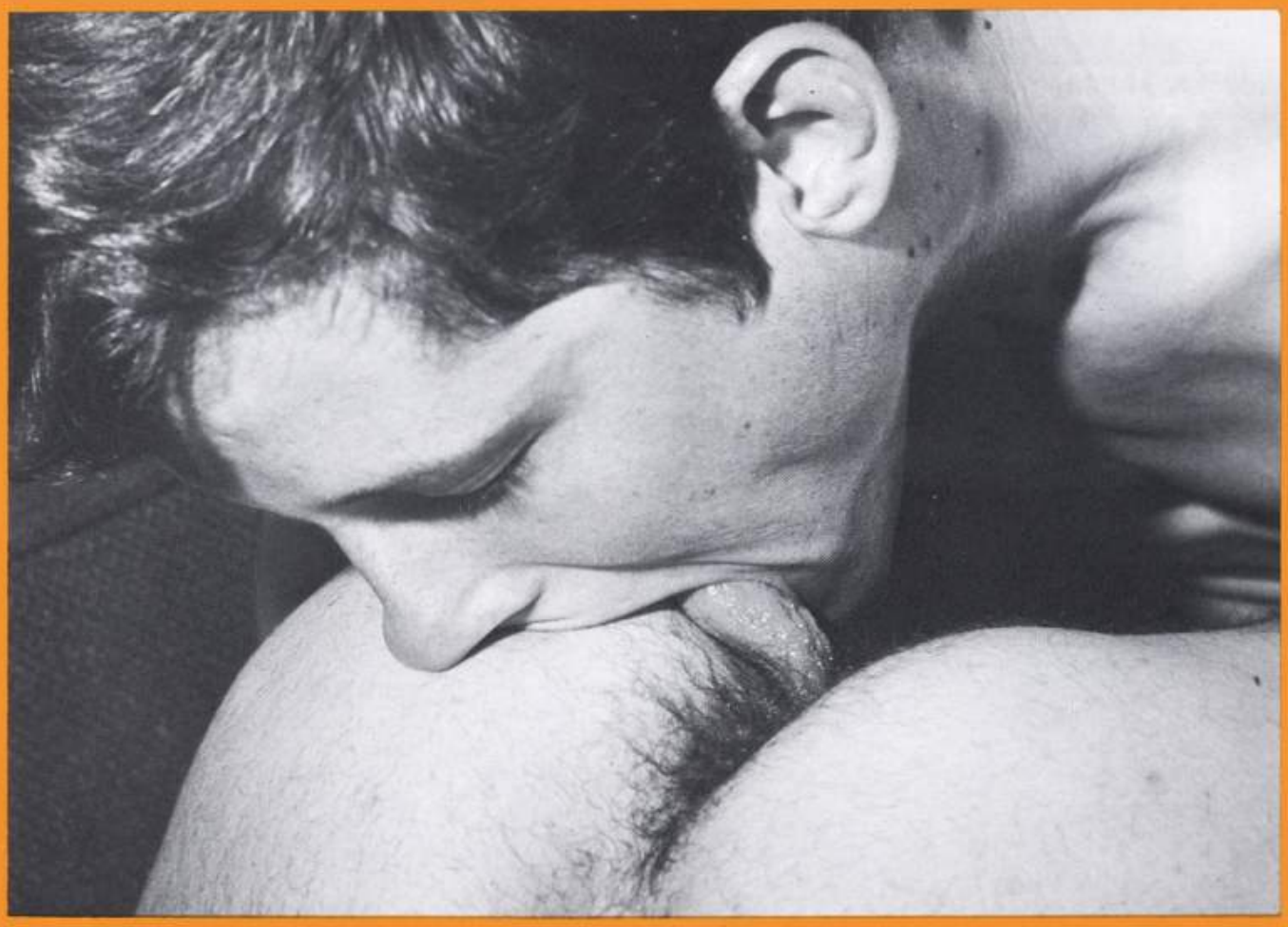

tongue, lubricating the hole for the next stage of the assault, then in with the forefinger of each hand, digging in, twisting around, pulling the hole open and sliding the second finger of each hand in, then back with his tongue wisping around while his fingers stretched the hole wide, blowing his breath into the deep, ripe red cave, feeling a finger slide into his own rectum at the same time, wiggling his tail, his cock lying hot and snug between Andy's shoulder and his soft cheek. . . .

And then back onto the floor, Andy on his stomach, butt tensed, fists clenched, and Jean forces his hard cock through the unwilling hole. He wonders why Andy clearly wants to be fucked, but tightens up so every time, making it painful for both of them, Jean almost feeling his cock will break off before it gets in, Andy wanting to be raped, to be forced, to be torn open, to be broken into, and Jean forcing it down hard, slowly, but knowing how much it has to hurt, and feeling exhilarated about inflicting pain.

But he stops to ask, "Does it hurt?"

Andy groans and Jean pauses, leans down to lick

(Continued on page 45)

the nape of Andy's neck, drawing his massive cock out a half inch, relaxing, then driving in hard, all the way in, pausing, letting Andy relax, then starting to wiggle his cock, to jab it back and forth, sharply but not too hard.

It takes Andy maybe three or four minutes to relax, for the wild pain to go down, for his insides to form a hospitable chamber to hold Jean's cock, to

invite it to a freedom of movement.

Jean draws Andy up, positions himself, and starts to pound, wildly driving it in and out, feeling the head bang into Andy all the way to his diaphragm, and Andy feeling his organs flying around inside like billiard balls, feeling Jean's coming, feeling his own white jism spurt out onto the rug, feeling, feeling EVERYTHING at once!

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS